DESPERATE RIDE FOR LIFE

Thrilling Experience of Two Army Officers on the Santa Fe Trail.

INCIDENT OF BORDER WARFARE

A Ride of Five Miles in a Light Wagon Drawn by Mules and Pursued by Thirty-Four Bloodthirsty Savages.

In 1864 the commerce of the great plains had reached enormous proportions, and immense caravans rolled day after day toward the blue hills which guard the portals of New Mexico and the precious freight constantly tempted the wily savages to plunder, relates Colonel Harry Inman in his new book, "The Old Santa Fe Trail."

To protect the caravans on their monoto hous route through the "Desert," as this portion of the plains was then termed, troops were stationed, a mere handful relatively, atintervals on the trail, to escort the freighters and mail coaches over the most exposed portions of the way.

On the bank of the Walnut at this time, were stationed 300 unassigned recruits of the Third Wisconsin cavalry, under command of Ninth Wiscensin battery was detailed to ac-company him. Hallowed was a famous whip and prided himself on the exceptionally fine turnout which he daily drove among the pic-turesque hills around the fort. It was agreed that the trip should be made in his light wagon, drawn by a team of fine muirs. Tais was equipped with a cover. After inspecting Captain Conkey's post, the mounted escort of 100 men was sent on ahead the next morning. But the inspecting officer was delayed, and almost three hours elapsed after the cavalry had departed before the task ended. At last says Colonel Inman, everything

was closed up, much to tiallowell's satisfac-tion, who had been chafing under the vexatipus delay ever since the escort left. When all was in readiness, the little wagon drawn up in front of the commanding officer's quarters, and farewells said, Halloweil suggested to Booth the propriety of taking a few of the troops stati and there to go with them until they overtook their own escort, which must now be several miles on the trail to Fort Larned. Booth asked Captain Conkey what he thought of Hallowell's suggestion. Capscen around here for over ten days." THE START.

If either Booth or Hallowell had been as well acquainted with the methods and character of the plains Indians then as they after ward became they would have insisted upon an escort; but both were satisfied that Captain Cenkey knew what he was talking about,

ettiff wind blowing from the northwest, and the trail was frozen hard in places, which made it very rough, as it had been cut up by the travel of the heavily laden caravans when it was wet. Booth sat on the left side of Hallowell, with the whip in his hand, now and then striking the mules, to keep up their though they were in their quarters at

Hallowell remarked to Booth: "The buffalo are grazing a long way from the road today a circumstance that I think bodes no good." He hall been on the plant the buffalo be seen of him excepting one arm around the support of the color of the color of the same time; so together they dians and their peculiarities than Captain Pooth, but the latter replied that he thought it was because their escort had gone on ahead, and had probably frightened them

The next mile or two was passed, and still they saw no buffalo between the trail and the Arkansas, though nothing more was said by either regarding the suspicious circumstance and they rode rapidly on.

When they had gone about five or six miles from the Walnut, Booth, happening to glance toward the river, saw something that looked strangely like a flock of turkeys He watched them intently for a moment when the objects rose up, and he discovered they were horsemen. He grasped Hallowell by the arm, directing his attention to them, and said, "What are they?" Hallowell gave a hasty look toward the point indicated, and replied, "Indians! by George!" and imme-diately turning the mules around on the trail started them back toward the cantonment on the Walnut at a full gallop.

Came up; out this time was once the Booth had not dedged completely into the wagen, not dropped his revolver, and as the the Walnut at a full gallop.
"Hold on!" said Booth to Hallowell, when

it's part of our escort.' no!" replied Hallowell. "I know they are Indians: I've seen too many of them

INDIANS, SURE ENOUGH.

"Well," rejoined Booth, "I'm going to know for certain;" so, stepping out on the footboard, and with one hand holding on to the front bow, he looked back over the top of the wagon sheet. They were Indians, sure was looking at them they were slipping off

While Booth was intently regarding the lowell's crying cut to him: "Off to the right movements of the savages Hallowell inquired again, captain, quick!" and, whirling around While Booth was intently regarding the

"Yes," was Booth's answer, "and they re coming down on us like a whirlwind."
"Then I shall never see poor Lizzie again!"
"Then I shall never see poor Lizzie again!"
said Hallowell. He had been married only lieutenant diverted one of the blows intended lieutenant diverted one of the latter: "Never mind Lizzie," responded Booth; let's get out of here!" He was as badly frightened as Hallowell, but had no bride at Riley, and, as he tells it. "was selfishly thinking of himself only, and escape."

In answer to Booth's remark, Hallowell, in a firm clear voice, said: "All right! You do soon out of range of a revolver; but never-

a firm, clear voice, said: "All right! You do soon out of range of a revolver; but neverthe shooting and I'll do the driving," and theless, he suiting the action to the words he snatched of salute. the whip out of Booth's hand, slipped from the seat to the front of the wagon, and commenced lashing the mules furlously.

Booth then crawled back, pulled out one of his revolvers, crept, or, rather, fell, over the "lazy-back" of the seat, and reaching the hole made by puckering the wagon sheet, looked out of it, and counted the Indiaus; thirty-four feather-bedecked, paint-bedaubed gavages, as vicious a set as ever scalped a white man, swooping down on them like a hawk upon a chicken. Hallowell, between his yells at the mules,

cried out. 'How far are they off now, Booth?' for of course he could see nothing of what

was going on in the rear. Pooth replied as well as he could judge by the distance, while Hallowell renewed his yelling at the animals and redoubled his ef-

again asked Booth. The latter told him how near they were, guessing at the distance, from which Hallowell gathered inspiration

for fresh cries and still more vigirous blows

rough road, nearly upsetting at every In another moment the bullets from two of

Just as the savages rushed past the wagon. Hallowell cried out to Booth, "Cap, I'm hit!" and turning around to look, Booth saw an arrow sticking in Hallowell's head above his right ear. His arm was still plying the whip, which was going on unceasingly at the sails of a windmill, and his howling at the mules only stopped leng enough to answer, "Not much!" in response to Booth's inquiry of "Does it hurt?" as he grabbed the arrow and pulled it out of his head.

The Indians by this time passed on, and then circling back, prepared for another charge. Down they came, again dividing as as they rode by.

Just as the savages rushed past the wagon.

charge. Down they came, again dividing as before into two bands, and delivering another shower of arrows. Hallowell ceased his yelling long enough to cry out, "I'm hit once more, Cap!" Looking at the plucky driver, Booth saw this time an arrow sticking over bis left car, and hanging down his back. He snatched R out, inquiring if it hurt, but received the same answer, "No, not much."

Poth men were now yelling at the top of their voices; and the mules were jerking the wagon along the rough trail at a fearful rate, frightened nearly out of their wits at the sight of the Indians and the terrible shouting and whipping of the driver.

CHARGE FOLLOWS CHARGE. Booth crawled to the back end of the wagon again, looked out of the hole in the cover, and saw the Indians moving across Captain Conkey. This point was regarded as one of the most important on the whole overland route. Captain Henry Booth that year was detailed to inspect all the outposts on the trail. He was stationed at Fort Riley at that time. Lieutenant Hallowell of the Ninth Wiscensin battery was detailed to accompany him. Hallowell was a famous whip its course, and whizzing through the opening, struck the black walnut "lazy back" of the seat, the head sticking out on the other side, and the sudden check causing the feathered and to vibrate rapidly with a vro-o-bing sound. With a quick blow Booth struck it, and broke the shaft from the head, leaving the latter embedded in

the wood. As quickly as possible Booth rushed to the hole and fired his revolver at the old devil, but failed to hit him. While he was trying to get in another shot an arrow came flying through from the left side of the trail, and, striking him on the inside of the elbow, or "crazy-bone," so completely benumbed his hand that he could not hold on to the pistol, and it dropped to the road with one load still in its chamber. Just then the mules gave an extraordinary jump to one side, which jerked the wagon nearly from under him, and he fell sprawling on the endgate, evenly balanced, with his bonds on the outside, attempting to clutch tain Conkey replied: "Oh! there's not the slightest danger; there hasn't been an Indian him sure, so they gave a yell of exultation. upposing he must tumble out, but he didn't be fortunately succeeded in grabbing one of the wagon bows with his right hand, and pulled himself in; but it was a close call. While oil this was going on, Hallowell bad not been neglected by the Indians; about a dozen of them had devoted their time to him, but he never flinched. Just as Booth had regulated his equilibrium and drawn his

so they concluded to push on.

Jumping into their wagon, Lieutenant Hallowell took the reins, and away they went rattling over the old log bridge that used to span the Wahnut at the crossing of the old Santa Fe trail, as light of heart as if riding Santa Fe trail, as light of heart as if riding to a dance.

**Neight and clear, with a who was in the act of letting an arrow drive at Hallowell; it struck the side of the box instant Booth fired, souring the red devil badly

DODGED THE BULLETS Back over the seat again he rushed to guard the rear, only to find a young buck riding close to the side of the wagon, his speed. Hallowell started up a tune—he was a good singer—and Booth boined in as they rolled along, as oblivious of any danger as be seen of him excepting one arm around the inimal's neck and from the knee to the toe. of one leg. Both did not walt for him to tide up, he could almost hit the pony's head with his hand, so close was he to the wagon. Booth struck at the beast several times, but

the Indian kept him right up in his place by whipping him on the opposite side of his neck. Presently the plucky savage's arm began to move. Booth watched him intently, and saw that he had fixed an arrow in his bow under the pony's shoulder; just as he was on the point of letting go the bowstring. with the head of the arrow not three feet peril from the persistent curs was delayed from Rooth's breast, as he leaned out of Now the pair were absolutely without fir the hole, the latter struck frantically at the weapon, dodged back into the wagon, and up came the Indian. Whenever Booth looked out, down went the Indian on the other side of his pony, to rise again in a moment, and Booth, afraid to risk himself with his head and shoulders exposed at this game of hide and seek, drew suddenly back as the Indian went down the third time, and in a second

Indian rose he fired. The savage was naked to the waist; the ball struck him in the left nipple, the blood spurted out of the wound, his bow and ar-rows and lariat, with himself, rolled off the pony, falling heavily on the ground, and with one convulsive contraction of his legs and an "Ugh!" he was as dead as a stone.
"I've killed one of 'em." called out Booth to Hallowell, as he saw his victim tumble

"Bully for you, Cap!' came Hallowell's reenough, they had fully emerged from the ra-vine in which they had hidden, and while he blows of that tireless whip fell incessantly on the backs of the poor mules.

After he had killed the warrior Booth kept ing arrows out of their quivers drawing up their spears, and making ready generally for a red-hot time.

his seat on the cracker box, watching to see what the Indians were going to do next, when he was suddenly interrupted by Hal-"They're Indians, aren't they, instantly he saw an Indian within three feet of the wagon, with his bow and arrow almost for the mules and struck the savage fairly across he face. The whip had a knot in the

> theless, he was given a parting shot as a sort A FURIOUS FUSILLADE. A terrific yell from the rear at this moment caused both Booth and Hollowell to look around, and the latter to inquire, "What's the matter now, Booth?" "They re coming down on us like lightning, he; and, sure enough, those who had been prancing around their dead comrade were tearing down the Irali toward the wagon

> with a more hideous noise than when they Hallowell yelled louder than ever, and loshed the mules more furiously still, but the Indians gained upon them as easily as a blooded racer on a common form plug. Separating, as before, and passing on each side of the wagon, they delivered another

forts with the lash.

Noiselessly the indians gained on the little wagon, for they had not as yet uttered a whoop, and the determined driver, anxious to know how far the red devils were from him, sealn asked Booth. The latter told him how the canvas.
When the Indians dashed by Hallowell

cried out, "I'm hit again, Cap!" and Booth in turning around to go to his relief, fel:

moment belaboring the mules, and his yells rang out as clear and defont as before.

After extracting the arrow from Hallo the Indiana' rifes passed between Booth and will's back Booth turned again to the open-Hallowell, Joing no damage and almost instantly the savages charged upon them. as new tricks the devils were up to, when the same time dividing into two parties, one Hallowell again colled out. "Off to the left

going on one side and one on the other, both Cap, quick!"
delivering a volley of arrows into the wagon Rushing to the front as soon as possible Booth saw one of the savages in the very

Back to his old place in the rear tumbled Booth to load his revolver. The cartridges they used in the army in those days were the old-fashioned kind made of paper. Biting off one end, he endeavored to pour the powder. into the chamber of the pistol; but as the wagon was tumbling from side to side, and umping up and down, as it fairly flew over the wagon than into the revolver. Just as he was inserting a ball Hallowell yelled, "To

Over the seat Booth piled once more, and there was another Indian with his bow and arrow all ready to pinion the brave lieuten-ant. Pointing his revolver at him, Booth yelled as he had at the other, but this savage had evidently voticed the first failure, and concluded there were no more loads left; so, instead of taking a hasty departure, he grinned demoniacally and endeavored to fix the arrow in his bow. Booth rose up in the wagon, and grasping hold of one of its bows with his left hand, seized the revolver by the muzzle, and with all the force he could muster hurled it at the impudent brute. It was a Remington, its, barrel octagon-shaped, with sharp corners, and when it was thrown. it turned in the air, and striking the Indian muzzle first on the ribs cut a long gash.
"Ugh!" he grunted, as, dropping his bow and spear, he flung himself over the side of his pony, and away he went across the prairie

Only one revolver remaining now, and that empty, with the savages still howling around the apparently doomed men like so many demons! Booth fell over the seat, as was his usual fate whenever he attempted to get to the back of the wagon, picked up the empty revolver, and tried to load it; but before he could bite the end of a cartridge Hallowell yelled, "Cap. I'm hit again!"
"Where this time?" inquired Booth, anxiously: "In the hand," replied Hallowell; and, looking around, Booth noticed that although his right arm was still thrashing at the now flagging mules with as much energy as ever, through the fleshy part of the thumb

was an arrow, which was flopping up and down as he raised and lowered his hand in exceless efforts to keep up the speed of the limost exhausted animals. "Let me pull it out," said Booth, as he ame forward to do so.
"No, nev.r mind," replied Hallowell; "e:n't stop! can't stop!" and up and down went the arm, and flip, flap, went the arrow with it.

until finally it tore through the flesh and fel o the ground. Along they bowled, the Indians yelling and the occupants of the little wagon defiantly answering them, while Booth continued to struggle desperately with that empty pistol in his vain efforts to load it. In another moment Hallowell shouted, "Booth, they are trying to crowd the mules into the sunflowers!'

IN CLOSE QUARTERS. Alongside the troil huge sunflowers has frown the previous summer, and now the ry stalks stood as thick as a canebrake; he wagon once got among them it would b mpossible for the mules to keep up thei callop. The savages seemed to realize this for one huge fellow kept riding alongsid the off mule, throwing his spear at him one then terking it back with the thong one en further from the trail by his mate, which of which was fastened to his wrist. The near mule was constraily pushed further and was jumping frantically, scared out of his senses by the Indians.

At this perilous juncture Booth stepped out on the footboard of the wagon, and holding on by a bow, commenced to kiel

The Indians kent close to the mules i their efforts to force them into the sun flowers, and Booth made sevral attempts to scare the old fellow that was nearest b pointing his empty revolver at him, but h would not scare; so, in his desperation Booth threw it at him. He missed the of brute, but hit the pony just behind it rider's leg, which started the unimal int a sort of a stampede; his ugly master could Now the pair were absolutery without fire arms of any kind, with nothing left excep their saters and vallets, and the savage-came closer and closer. In turn the two swords were thrown at them as them cam lmost within striking distance; then folowed the scabbcards, as the howling fiends the mules. Fortunately, their arrows wer

The cantonment on the Walnut was still a mile and a half away, and there was nothing for the luckless travelers to do but whi; and kick, both of which they did mos Hallowell sat as immovable as the Sphinx, excepting his right arm, which from the moment they had started on the ack trail had not once ceased its inceesant

Happening to cast his eyes on the trail Booth saw to his dismay twelve or fiftee of the savages coming up on the run wit fresh energy, their spears poised ready for action, and he felt that something must be done very speedily to divert them; for if these added their number to those already perrounding the wagon, the chances were they would succeed in forcing the mulcinto the sunflowers, and his scalp and Hallowell's would dangle at the beit of the

WHAT SAVED THE DAY. Glancing around in the bottom of the wagen for some kind of weapon, his eye fell on the two values containing the dress suits. He snatched up his own, and threw it out, hile the pursuers were five or six rods in the rear. The Indians noticed this new trick with a great yell of satisfaction. and the moment they arrived at the spot where the vallees lay, all dismounted; one of them, seizing it by the two handles, pulled with all his strength to open it, and when he failed, drew a long knife from under his blanket and ripped it apart. He then put his hand in pulling out a sish, which he began to wind around his head, like a negress with t bandana, letting the tasse's bang down his While he was thus amusing himself one of the others had taken out a dress coat a third a pair of drawers, and still another a shirt, which they proceeded to put on, meanwhile dancing around and howling. Booth told Hallowell of the sacrifice of the val'se, and said, "I'm going to throw out yours." "All right," replied Hallowell; "all we want is time." So out it went on the trail, and shared the same fate as the other.

The lull in hostilities caused by their outstripping their pursuers gave the spairing men time to talk over their situation. Hallowell said he did not propose to be cap-tured and then butchered or burned at the pleasure of the Indians. He said to Booth: "If they kill one of the mules, and so stop us, let's kick, strike, throw dirt or anything and compel them to kill us on the spot." So it was agreed, if the worst came to the worst, to stand back to back and fight.

During this discussion the arm of Hallowell still plied the effective lash, and they

drew perceptibly nearer the camp, and as they caught the first glimpse of its tents and dugouts hope sorang up within them. The mules were panting like a hound after a mules were panting like a hound after a deer; wherever the harness touched them, it was white with lather, and it was evident they could keep on their feet but a short time longer. Would they hold out until the bridge was reached? The whipping and the kicking had but little effect on them now. They still continued their gallop, but it was slower and more labored than before.

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1403-1407 Harney Screet the wagon bounded up and down enough to shake the teeth out of one's head as the little animals went flying over its Booth called out to Hallowell. "No need to drive so fast. now, the Indians have all left us," but he re-plied: "I ain't going to stop until I get! across." and down came the whip, on sped

Conkey's quarters.
The rattling of the wagon on the bridge as the first intimation the garrison had of The officers came running out of their tents, the enlisted men poured out of their dugoute like a lot of ants, and Booth and Hallowell were surrounded by their friends in a moment. Captain Conkey ordered his ougler to sound "boots and saddles," and in

less than ten minutes ninety troopers

nounted, and with the captain at their head started after the Indians. -When Hallowell tried to rise from his seat so as to get out every effort only resulted in his falling back. Some one stepped around on the other side to assist him, when it was discovered that the skirt of his overcoat had worked outside of his wagon-sheet and hung over the edge, and that three or four arrows fired at him by the savages had struck the ide of the wagon, and, passing through the flap of his coat, had pinned him down. Booth pulled the arrows out and helped him up; he

was pretty stiff from sitting in his cramped position so long, and his right arm dropped by his side as if paralyzed.

Booth stood looking on while his comrude's wounds were being dressed, when the adjutant asked him: "What makes you shrug your shoulder so?" He answered: "I don't know; comething makes it smart." The officer looked at him and said: "Well, I don't wonder; I should think it would smart; here's wonder; I should think it would smart; here's an arrowhead sticking into you," and he tried to pull it out, but it would not come. Coptain Goldsborough then attempted it, but was not any more successful. The doctor then told them to let it alone, and he would attend to Booth's after he had done with Hallowell. When he examined Booth's shoulder be found the arrowhead had struck the thick portion of the shoulder blade, and had made two complete turns, wripping itself around the muscles, which had to be cut spart before the sharp point could be

Booth was not seriously hurt. Hallowell, however, had reseived two severe wounds; the arrow that had lodged in his back had penetrated almost to his kidneys, and the wound in his thumb was very painful, not with his comrade, who piled the whip more to have entered at least six inches, and lowell kept the mules at their fastest pace. wound in his thumb was very painful, not mercilessly than ever upon the poor animals' backs, and the wagon flew over the Hallowell, however, did not cease for a logs, and, of course, was extremely rough; row as from the tearing away of the musso much from the simple impact of the arCREAMERY SUPPLIES

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mules; his right arm, too, was swollen terribly, and so stiff from the incessant use of it during the drive that for more than a month he required assistance in dressing

and undressing.
The mules which had saved their lives the mules, not breaking their short gailop were of small account after their memo-until they were pulled up in front of Captain rable trip; they remained stiff and evre from the rough road and their continued forced speed. Booth and Hellowell went out to look at them the next morning, as they hobbled around the corral, and from the bottom of their hearts wished them well. Captain Crukey's command returned to the cantonment about midnight. But one Indian had been seen, and he was south of the Arkensas in the sand hills.

ROMANCE OF THE PLAINS.

Romantic Tale of the Reuniting of Mrs. Henderson and Her Daughter Mrs. Orlando W. Bradt of Georgetown, C., was reunited during the last week to her mother, whom she had not seen since her infancy. The story of their separation and reunion, related by the Globe-Democrat, is a tale of frontier life which is unsurpassed by any of the strange personal his-tories of western pioneers.

In 1857 the troops stationed at Fort Ran-dall, Neb., were attacked by Indians. Among the captives taken was a baby girl of a few months, whose father, George Henderson, was a musician in the Second United States was a musician in the Second United States infantry, then under command of the afterward distinguished General Sulley of Indian war fame. Shortly afterward the regiment was scattered by orders from headquarters.

Two companies went to Port Ridgley, two to persisted in her inquiries and early last year made another application for information through the adjutant general's office. In referring the request the matter officially came to the attention of Rudolph Ulmer, u clerk in the department. Mr. Ulmer was a member of the department. Two companies went to Fort Ridgley, two to Fort Riley, the remaining troops being retained at the post until further orders. The company in which George Henderson served was one of the two sent to Fort Ridgley. With only a few hours' notice the soldiers broke camp and were marching for the far west. In an ambulance, laden with accou-terments of war and provisions, Henderson's wife lay, too ill to be aware of passing marches that she aroused to consciousness and realized that her child, temporarily placed in the charge of an old Indian squaw. had been taken prisoner and carried off by

The time passed. In the warfare and uncertainties of the period all communication was destroyed between distant posts and the was destroyed between distant posts and the unhappy mother was forced to abandon all George Hendersons in the service. hope of recovering her daughter

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Omaha Daily Bee. panies at Fort Randah" determined to raid whether the Mrs. Honnah Henderson drawing the neighboring Indians, hoping to recapture the persion was the mother of Mrs. Bradt or the priscoers taken in 1857. The attack was a second wife. The department deputized Mr successful. Among the captives was found Ulmer to communicate directly with the toe little child, whose fate had been a matter of uncertainty. Almost immediately the regiment was ordered to Fort Laramie. A faster-mother was procured for the baby in the person of the wife of Pat Murphy, of the Second. Taking the little one to her heart, Mrs. Murphy adopted her as her own and become the company of th

> suburbs.
> Mrs. Henderson owes a comfortable prop erty in Brooklyn and has two other children in good circumstances. One son inherits his father's folicit and fills a position in one of the leading New York theatrical orchestras,

being prominent in musical circles.

The records of the Pension bureau show that George Herderson, company F, Second United States infantry, was discharged from the company January 9, 1859, and re-entisted Pebruary 4, 1859, in battery C. First United States artillery. He was finally discharged Pebruary 4, 1864, at Fort Macon, Ga. There is no record that he again entered the ecry-ice, but it is shown that he filed a claim for a pension in the year 1891, the claim being

numbered 810,539.
From Mrs. Henderson it is learned that though unfortunate in business before his death Mr. Henderson left a snug fortune sufficient to place his family beyond want, and that he never doubted but that his baby daughter had met the sid fate of so many lit

Bring in Bodies of Indians. KANSAS CITY, Jan. 11.—A special to the KANSAS CITY, Jan. 11.—A special to the Star from Shawnee Oki, says: Officers returned today from Maude postoffice, bringing the charred remains of the Indiana burned at the stake by white settlers for the murder of Mrs. Leard. The whole country is said to be up in arms, and the report is being circulated that the farmers who made up the mob will soon be arrested. Open warfare between the whites and the Indiana seems very likely. The remains of the two Indians are lying in state at the court house.

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hood, was loved by and wedded to Mr Bradt and settled down in the District of Columbia. Before leaving the shelter of her adopted parents' home she was made fully acquainted with the true facts in her history. Determined if possible to discover if any trace of her parents existed. Mrs. Bradt, with to the commissioner of pessions. This was in 1893. Nothing definite could be obtained because of a conflict in numbers between the original record of pension secured by the soldier and that drawn by his widow.

Failing in the first attempt, Mrs. Brudt

In course of time she blassomed into woman

member of the Second infantry, a comrade of George Hendersco's and one of the defencing party upon the occasion of the un-lucky raid when the chill was stolen. He was perfectly familiar with all the circum-straces in the case. He was also present at the rescue of the child. He took a deep interest in the strange story and determined if possible to discover the parents. He finally y, too ill to be aware of passing secured the information desired upon refer-it was not until after days of forced once to the files of the death list, where the name of George Henderson, musician, Second United States infantry, was found, coupled with the name of his wifew. Henna Hendersee, a resident of Bronklyn, N. Y., receiving a pension from the government. The diffculty of identification was rendered more dif-ficult through a conflict of the two numbers

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To be sure there are others, butwell there's only one newspaper and that is the

honceforth sough: to ascertain the where-abouts of the real mother. Owing to the shifting scenes of war and the breaking out termination to come immediately to Washof the rebellion soon after, no direct information as to the location of the various companies could be obtained. The child grew to girthood, knowing no difference as to her life the mother and daughter met and the parent from that of her foster-brothers and sisters. | was welcomed to the pretty cottage in the

tle cases on the western plains and perished by the hands of feddings.

TO CURE COLD IN ONE DAY

was destroyed between distant posts and the unhappy mother was forced to abandon all George Hendersons in the service.

This fact satisfactorily soldled the question drugglists refund the money if it falls to cure.

A year later the remaining infantry com-

with his whip.

Booth, all this time, was sitting on the box containing the crackers and sardines, watching the orackers and sardines, watching the rapid approach of the cut-throats, and seeing with fear and trembling the ease with which they gained upon the little mules.

A CHORUS OF YELLS.

Once more Hallowell made his stereotyped inquiry of Booth; but before the latter could reply, two shots were fired from the rifles of the Indians, accompanied by a yell that was demonlacal enough to cause the blood to curdle in one's veins. Hallowell yelled at the mules, and Booth yelled too; for what reason be could not tell, unless to keep company with his comrade, who plied the whip more withdrawn.